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orig: Olympics



## *Billets-doux due to flu*

### EXCERPTS:

The euphemism for it is "the flu." It's really a lot grosser than that. It's the pits. It's awful.

I think the whole world's got it. It's gone through the Olympics, it's gone through the Flyers, and it's currently going through me.

But the calendar insists, and, ready or not, Valentine's Day is upon us. I've just been thinking what the Valentine cards would be like if they were written in the sour, disoriented malaise of the flu.

Oh, well, the flu does that to you. It turns you cynical. It gives you the feeling that when the postman comes tomorrow he'll probably stuff the mailbox with little cupid's darts like this one from a couple of our collective secret admirers:

We tap your phone and read your mail.

And spy on you and throw you in jail.

Hope you understand.

That's just our way.

Of showing our love.

And we'd like to say:

Valentine wishes on this special day,

from the FBI and CIA.